

DELL

THE LONE RANGER'S COMPANION

TONTO

NOV. - JAN.

10¢





"The Bull Roarer"

By Red Thunder Cloud

The Chickahominy, Pamunkey, Rappahannock and Mattaponi Indians of Virginia, the Catawba and Cherokee of South and North Carolina used to make a toy for their children which was known as the "Bull Roarer." This toy was made out of a piece of wood, the edges of which were notched like the teeth of a saw. A string of clim bark or leather would be attached to the "bull roarer" through a hole in the top of the wood. The child would then put his arm through the leather string, hold his arm high above his head and whirl the toy round and round. This made a loud buzzing or roaring sound. Boys spent much time in seeing who could make the loudest "bull roarer."

When nearing the Indian villages, the early settlers were often startled by the loud buzzings that could be heard for a mile away when twenty or more boys were whirling their toys at the same time. The white children were fascinated by this simple toy and soon learned how to make the "bull roarer" also.

Even today, in villages of the Indians mentioned above, it is possible to find children using the "bull roarer."

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TONTO

TOP GUN



WHOA, SCOUT! --- WE
SEE WHY THAT FELLER
THROW GUNS
AWAY!



HOW! TONTO SEE YOU
TOSS GUNS INTO RIVER!
THEM LOOK LIKE GOOD-
GUNS!

THEY WERE ---
VERY GOOD GUNS!



THAT MAKES IT SEEM
EVEN STRANGER!

GUESS THERE'S NO
POINT IN NOT TELLING
YOU! I'M SURE BUST-
ING TO TELL SOMEONE
AND GET IT ALLOFF
MY CHEST!



ASK ANYONE IN MOOOC WHO'S THE TOP GUN-
FIGHTER AND THEY'LL TELL YOU --- DAVE WANCE!
WELL, THAT'S MY HANDLE! I'M FAST AND ACCU-
RATE AND WHOEVER WANTS TO HIRE A GUNFIGHTER
TO BACK HIM, NO MATTER WHAT HIS CAUSE, COMES
TO ME! 'LONG AS HE PAYS ---
I FIGHT FOR HIM!



TONTO #25-5611

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



BUT A MONTH AGO, A
CATTLEMEN HIRED ME...

VANCE, YOUR *REPUTA-
TION* ALONE SHOULD DO
IT! THERE'S A FARMER OUT
IN ON A PIECE OF RANGE THAT
I WANT KEPT *OPEN* ---
YOU GET HIM TO *MOVE*!

"I RODE OVER TO JEFF CALDER'S DIGGINGS!
A NICE PIECE OF LAND! I ALWAYS LOOK AT LAND---
WAS RAISED ON A FARM! IN FACT, I'VE BEEN
PUTTING ALL MY GUN-EARNED CASH INTO
FARMLAND..."



HE'S GOT GOOD BOTTOMLAND
--- SAME AS I'VE BEEN
BUYING UP!



"BUT I WASN'T THERE TO TALK SOIL..."

MR. GUFF, MY EMPLOYER,
"SUGGESTS" YOU *MOVE*!
SO IF I WERE YOU, I'D
PACK UP AND
HIGH-TAIL IT!

I'VE GOT MY CROPS
IN THE LAND'S MINE!
I'M STICKING!



MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM!

I *KNOW*---VANCE!
HEARD ALL ABOUT
YOU! BUT I'M
STAYING!



"I ARGUED, BUT HE WAS STUBBORN!"

NOW, GIT!

THAT WAS A MISTAKE!



THIS MAKES IT
SELF-DEFENSE!

BANG!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR GUNS, BUT I'LL STAKE YOU TO THE FINEST COLTS---



---NOT INTERESTED!
I'M THROUGH BEING
A GUNFIGHTER!

BUT YOU CAN'T---

---GO TRY JACKS!



BUT I WANT YOU, THE BEST--



---YOU'LL HAVE TO
SETTLE FOR THE
SECOND BEST-- JACKS!

I HEARD THAT, VANCE,
AND I DON'T LIKE IT!
WANT TO PROVE WHO'S
THE BEST RIGHT NOW?



TAKE A LONG LOOK,
JACKS--- I'M
NOT HEELED!

GET A
GUN---



I'M NOT GUNFIGHTING
ANYONE ANY MORE!
I'VE GOTTEN RID OF
MY GUNS FOR KEPS!

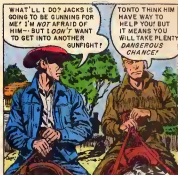
TURN AROUND
SO I CAN SEE THE
YELLOW MARKER
DOWN YOUR BACK--



---JACKS, YOU JUST
GOT YOURSELF A FIGHT!
A FIST FIGHT!









AND AS WORD SPREADS, MODOC'S MAIN STREET IS LINED BY A CURIOUS CROWD, AS THE TWO GUNFIGHTERS SQUARE OFF ---



LIKE LIGHTNING, JACKS' HAND STREAKS FOR HIS GUN...



AND MATCHING HIS OPPONENT'S SPEED, DAVE VANCE'S FINGER'S CLAW AT HIS HOLSTER...



BUT AS HE SWINGS UP HIS FORTY-FIVE...

HIS HAND'S
SHAKING---

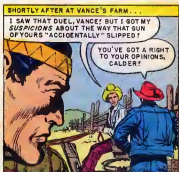
---NO!
HE'S LOSING
HIS GRIP ON
THAT POLISHED
NEW HANDLE!



WELL, LITTLE PAL,
IT'S THE END OF
THE TRAIL!



NO! YOU NOT
SHOOT AT
VANCE OR
TOMTO FIRE
AT YOU!



TONTO

THE OUTCAST



ON A WINTERY NIGHT, AS TONTO SLEEPS
IN HIS TRIBAL TENT,...





NEXT MORNING, CHIEF STONE BEAR HOLDS A
SOLEMN COUNCIL...

THERE IS NO PLACE IN OUR TENTS
FOR A THIEF! WHY DID YOU TRY
TO TAKE TONTO'S
CARBINE, CUN-
NING HAND?



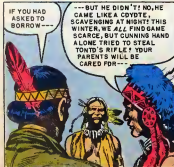
MEAT IS SCARCE THIS WINTER! MY RIFLE IS OLD
--- ALMOST USELESS! EACH DAY MY AGING
PARENTS WATCH ME RETURN WITHOUT ANY GAME!
BUT IF I HAD TONTO'S CARBINE, THEIR COOKING
POT WOULD BE FILLED!

BETTER TO HUNGER
THAN RAISE A
DISHONEST SON!



IF YOU HAD
ASKED TO
BORROW ---

--- BUT HE DIDN'T! NO, HE
CAME LIKE A CODYTE,
SCAVENGING AT NIGHT! THIS
WINTER, WE ALL FIND GAME
SCARCE, BUT CUNNING HAND
ALONE TRIED TO STEAL
TONTO'S RIFLE! YOUR
PARENTS WILL BE
CARED FOR ---



LEAVE CAMP! YOU ARE AN
OUTCAST!

I-IT IS YOUR FAULT,
TONTO! AND I'LL
GET REVENGE!



THE NEXT DAY...

THERE CUNNING HAND! BUT
TONGO WONDER WHY HIM TALK
TO THOSE FELLERS!
THEM PLENTY BAD GUN-
FIGHTERS!



CUNNING HAND NEEED MONEY!
THEN CUNNING HAND ABLE TO
BUY FOOD FOR FAMILY!---
CUNNING HAND BRAVE---
NEBBE YOU CAN USE-UM?



WE CAN ALWAYS USE A GOOD FIGHTER! BUT WE
HEARD YOU'RE BAD MEDICINE AT YOUR CAMP---
GOT SENT PACKING! HOW DO WE KNOW
YOU'RE AS GOOD AS YOU TELL US?

YOU SEE-UM?
THAT TONGO,
STRONGEST BRAVE
IN WHOLE TRIBE!



CUNNING HAND SHOW
YOU HIM NOT EVEN
AFRAID OF TONGO!

THIS COULD
BE FUN!

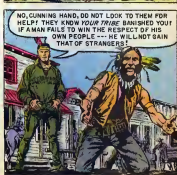


WH-
WHAT?



GO FOR GUN, TONGO!
BUT FIRST, CUNNING
HAND FIRE!







B-BUT THEY SAID THEY COULD USE A FIGHTER--

--- OUR TRIBE CAN USE A GOOD BRAVE! WHY DO YOU USE YOUR TIME TRYING TO WIN THE FRIENDSHIP OF TROUBLEMAKERS?



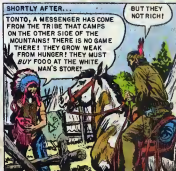
THEY CAN PAY ME FOR MY WORK! MONEY BUYS FOOD! BESIDES, MY PEOPLE SENT ME AWAY ---

---YOU COULD MAKE THEM WANT YOU BACK!



MAYBE--- BUT IT MUCH EASIER TO JOIN THOSE WHITES!

BUT WHICH IS BETTER? THAT IS WHAT YOU MUST DECIDE! --- GET-UM UP, SCOUT!



SHORTLY AFTER...

BUT THEY NOT RICH!

TONTO, A MESSENGER HAS COME FROM THE TRIBE THAT CAMPS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAINS! THERE IS NO GAME THERE! THEY GROW WEAK FROM HUNGER! THEY MUST BUY FOOD AT THE WHITE MAN'S STORE!



TRUE, BUT WE CAN SPARE THIS SILVER!

I WILL TAKE IT TO THEM, STONE BEAR.



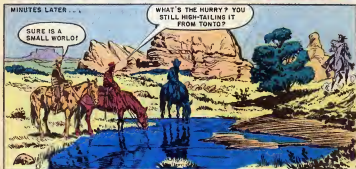
AND AS TONTO GALLOPS OFF---

CUNNING HANO LOOKS TROUBLED--- I GUESS HE CANNOT DECIDE WHETHER TO TRY TO COME BACK WITH OUR TRIBE OR GO WITH THE WHITE GUN-FIGHTERS!



FOR A SECOND, AS HE SEES TONTTO FALL HELPLESSLY, CUNNING HAND THINKS OF REVENGE, BUT THEN...









NO-HOLO YOUR FIRE? WE QUIT!



TONTO? B-BUT YOU WERE SICK---



---NO, CUNNING HAND, I ONLY *PRETENDED* TO BE SICK! I REALIZED THAT LETTING YOU DELIVER THE SILVER WOULD GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO *REDEEM YOURSELF* WITH OUR TRIBE! I FOLLOWED YOU AND JOINED YOU WHEN I SAW YOU DEFENDING THE SILVER! YOU *PROVED* MY TRUST WAS *RIGHT*!

THAT NIGHT, AFTER CUNNING HAND HAD DELIVERED THE SILVER AND TONTO HAS TURNED OVER THE GUN-FIGHTERS TO THE LAW, A COUNCIL IS HELD...



AS THE SMOKE PASSES AWAY SO DO THE BAD DEEDS OF THE PAST!--- WE WELCOME CUNNING HAND TO OUR FIRE!

NEXT DAY---

THANKS FOR RIDING IN, CUNNING HAND! YOUR TESTIMONY 'LL KEEP THOSE POLECATS IN THE COOLER FOR QUITE A SPELL!

I'VE HEARD YOU WERE LOOKING FOR A NEW RIFLE ---YOUR CREDIT'S GOOD AT MY STORE!



DID YOU HEAR THEM, TONTO? TH- THEY ARE MY FRIENDS! --- YOU WERE RIGHT! TILL YOU ARE RESPECTED BY YOUR OWN PEOPLE, YOU CAN'T EXPECT TO HAVE THE RESPECT OF ANY OTHERS!

YOU HAD A SECOND CHANCE--- YOU USED IT WISELY!



AND FOR THAT, I'LL ALWAYS HAVE YOU TO THANK--- TONTO!

GET-UM UP, SCOUT!



THE CANOE TRIP



Little Elk stood by the shore of the great lake that lay before the Algonquin camp. Timidly, he refused to climb into the light birchbark canoe that his two nine-year-old friends held for him.

"Get in, Little Elk. You can swim. Even if it tips over, you will still be safe."

"No," Little Elk stammered. "I would rather not try paddling by myself today. The wind is too strong. Maybe it would blow me across the lake or overturn me far out—"

"He always has an excuse. He is just afraid!"

With a wave of their hands, the two boys left Little Elk. They had each taken the frail canoe out alone and brought it back. There was little risk or danger and Little Elk was an even better swimmer. They were not the only ones who witnessed Little Elk's refusal to try his paddle alone. Bold Arrow, his father, had watched the scene from the nearby pines. The great brave's face was sad. He was always chosen to lead the war parties, and that fearful boy was not acting like his son. True, as a child, Little Elk had been very ill and was still not as strong as the others, but to take a canoe out alone did not demand great courage.

"I will sit in my canoe," Bold Arrow said gently. "Paddle to the island, Little Elk. If your canoe overturns, I will be there to help you. But, even if I were not, you are a good swimmer."

For a moment, the young Algonquin hesitated. Then, as his father watched, he carefully boarded the birchbark canoe that rode high in the water and stroked for the island. A feeling of triumph filled his father—but not for long. Suddenly, far short of the island, Little Elk swung his canoe about and raced for the safety of the shore.

"Th-There was a bad wind out there, father. If I went any further I might have been overturned."

All that night, Bold Arrow tried to think of a way to get Little Elk to make the trip to the island. If he could overcome his son's needless fear just once, all would be well. Little Elk would gain confidence and his friends would mock him no more.

Next morning, Little Elk was awakened by his father's groans. The warrior clutched his stomach and sent Little Elk running for the Medicine Man. Outside the tent, Little Elk waited, wondering what the wise shaman would find. "Get your canoe," the Medicine Man commanded. "Paddle to the island. Bring me some of the juniper berries you will find there."

"T-To the island? But I cannot—"

"There is no one else around to send! Do you want your father to get well? Then paddle there swiftly!"

Love for his father overcame his fear. Little Elk dug his paddle deeply, shooting across the waters toward the island. But a rising wind caught the high riding bow. The water became choppy. Still he paddled on. Then a sudden gust struck the bow. Over went the light canoe, spilling him into the lake. For a moment, he thought of swimming for shore, but his father needed the juniper berries. Carefully, Little Elk righted the canoe and climbed in.

Some time later, from the tent, his father and the Medicine Man watched the triumphant, smiling boy paddle homeward. The Medicine Man turned to the happy Bold Arrow, "You had better lie down again and pretend to be sick!"

"The juniper berries are good medicine," Bold Arrow replied. "I do not need them, but they cured Little Elk. He knows now he can handle a canoe alone. Never again will he be needlessly afraid!"

THE PAINTED PONY



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ACROSS THE PLAINS THE SMELL OF FOOD STARTS THE PAINTED PONY GALLOPING EAGERLY...



THEN THE PAINTED PONY SEES THE SOURCE
OF THE TASTY SMELL...



SUDDENLY, HE DIGS HIS HINDLEGS INTO THE
GROUND AND PULLS UP SHORT! THERE IS
ANOTHER SCENT BEHIND THE CORN'S ---
A DANGEROUS SCENT...



THERE UNDER A CLEVER COVER OF BOUGHS, HE
FINDS WHERE THE THREATENING SCENT ORIGIN-
ATES! THIS IS THE WORK OF HIS ENEMY--MAN!
THE CORN WAS TO LURE HIM INTO THE TRAP...

AS THE WIND CARRIES THE TEMPTING SCENT OF THE CORN TO HIS NOSTRILS, THE PAINTED PONY LASHES OUT AGAINST THE TRAP THAT KEEPS HIM FROM HIS PRIZE...



A DOZEN POWERFUL KICKS OF HIS HINDLEGS AND HE FEELS A SENSE OF TRIUMPH, AS THE LOG GIVES LITTLE...



THEN, HE IS FORCED TO STOP HIS AIMLESS WORK---THE REST OF THE WILD BAND IS GALLOPING UP...



NOW THE OTHER MUSTANGS WHINNY EXCITEDLY, AS THEY SMELL THE FRESH CORN! BUT THE PAINTED PONY RACES TO INTERCEPT THEM...



PUZZLED BY THE PAINTED PONY'S STRANGE ACTIONS, THE OTHERS SLOW DOWN! WHEN THEY TRY TO PRESS ON TO GET THE CORN, THE PAINTED PONY NIPS AND BUCKS IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO KEEP THEM OUT OF THE TRAP...



FINALLY, THE PAINTED PONY'S ATTACKS DRIVE THE OTHERS BACK...



BUT THREE STALLIONS REFUSE TO BE DEPRIVED OF THE FOOD! THEY CHARGE...



OVER AND OVER, THE PAINTED PONY ROLLS TOWARD THE CORN BAIT AND SUDDENLY HIS BODY SNAPS A THIN ROPE...



FOR A MOMENT, THE OTHER MUSTANGS GAZE AT THE GATE IN BEWILDERMENT! THEN THEY REALIZE THE DANGER THEY JUST ESCAPED, AND FEAR MAKES THEM TURN! THEY RACE OFF...



THE PAINTED PONY REMAINS IN THE TRAP --- ALONE! AT LEAST, THE OTHERS ARE SAFE! SUDDENLY, HIS EARS FLICK UP AND HIS EYES FOCUS ON A DUST CLOUD IN THE DISTANCE! HIS CAPTORS ARE COMING TO CLAIM HIM...

AGAIN AND AGAIN, HE TRIES IN VAIN TO HURDLE THE HIGH GATE...



IN HIS FURY TO ESCAPE, HE RAKES THE STURDY CROSSBARS! BUT THEY HAVE BEEN PURPOSELY LASHED INSIDE THE CORRAL, IN ORDER TO PREVENT A TRAPPED HORSE FROM BEING ABLE TO FORCE THEM OUT...



AS HE HEARS THE VOICES OF THE ONCOMING MEN, THE PAINTED PONY GALLOPS AROUND THE TRAP! SUDDENLY, HE STOPS! HE SEES THE LOG HIS EARLY KICKING LOOSENED, WHEN HE KNOCKED IT INTO THE CORRAL, AS HE STOOD OUTSIDE...



AS HIS CAPTORS RIDE UP, THE PAINTED PONY DESPERATELY TUGS ON THE LOOSENED LOG...



THEN HE FORCES HIS BODY THROUGH THE OPENING THE OTHER LOGS TEAR AND BURN HIS HIDE, BUT WHAT ARE A FEW PAINFUL BRUISES IF THEY WIN HIM HIS FREEDOM...



AT LAST, HE IS OUT! BEHIND HIM, HE HEARS THE DEFEATED CRY OF THE MEN HE HAS ELUDED! AND THE PAINTED PONY GALLOPS OFF TO REJOIN THE OTHER WILD MUSTANGS HE SAVED FROM THE TRAP...



TONTO

PURSUIT



NO, STONE BEAR, IT ISN'T AN EASY JOB, BUT I LEARNED EARLY IN LIFE THAT FEW WORTHWHILE THINGS COME EASILY---

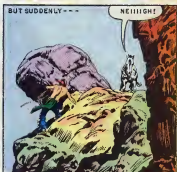


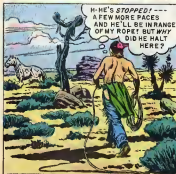
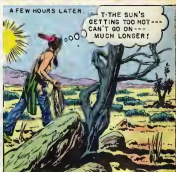
I HAD JUST SEEN MY FOURTEENTH SUMMER, WHEN I WAS RIDING WITH RUNNING ELK, ON SWIFT WAR PONIES, HUNTING FOR WILD MUSTANGS...



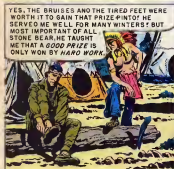












*Had the masked man's nephew teamed up with outlaws?
It seemed impossible, yet . . .*



Read "The return of Dan Reid"
in **THE LONE RANGER**

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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

Indian Games

SNOW SNAKE

One of the most popular Indian winter games was Snow Snake. The players would use specially-shaped spears and throw them along the surface of the snow or ice or in a straight, shallow groove that was made by pulling a log across the snow. In the contest, the players threw for distance and the snake that went furthest won.

The snow snake was made of hickory or ash and carefully smoothed. The underside was rounded and the front was painted to look like a snake's head. The Indian boys and girls used snow snakes four to six feet long, while some braves cast ten-foot snakes. Played by the Indians on snow or ice, snow snake was a game that demanded skill as well as strength.

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A PLEDGE



TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our credo and constant goal.

Have Mom and Dad take you down to see the keen new toys IN TOYLAND!

Here's just one of the many plastic toys you must see
IN PERSON!



"Old Ironsides"—real from stem to stern—and even a landlubber can build her!

Every detail of the famous old frigate "Constitution"—from plastic decks, guns, and spars to long boats (with oars) and companionways going below—is exact, right! Even the pre-assembled ratlines. 16½" long, this model towers 12¾" high. Easy instructions—terrific results!

Made by Revell, Inc., Venice, Calif.

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Monsanto Chemical Company, Plastics Division.

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MONSANTO

Another

misterjeel

SCAM

MAAYBE IM DREAMING
MAAYBE THIS IS ONLY
A MONTAAYGE !

